

CHARIVARIA.

KENSINGTON, according to the birth-rate figures just published, is suffering from a serious dearth of babies. It has been suggested that, in order to attract the little mites, posters shall be issued drawing attention to the collection of QUEEN VICTORIA'S dolls which are on permanent exhibition at Kensington Palace.

Realising how keenly the public would be disappointed in the event of no Italian-American match taking place, Lieutenant CASANO, an aide-de-camp to the Duke of the ABRUZZI, has, we are informed, now become engaged to Miss LELAND, of Boston, U.S.A.

One has heard a good deal recently about male millinery in connection with ritualistic churches, but the following passage from a description of a wedding which appears in the pages of *Truth* would seem to show that laymen are now entering into rivalry with the clergy: 'The elders were in blue satin Directoire gowns, with sashes of violet satin and broad-brimmed violet satin hats with bunches of violets for trimming.'

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT FLIES INTO A TEMPER.

says a contemporary. These aeronauts are always having accidents.

On the 30th ult., with criminal thoughtlessness, several of our well-informed newspapers drew attention to the fact that we had had no fogs in November. The result, which might have been foreseen, was to put the weather on its mettle, and we had a beauty on December 2nd.

A vulgar old gentleman, on being asked last week to contribute to the

funds of the Feline Defence League's Home at Islington, replied that he did not approve of the Suffragettes.

The steward who was bitten by a Suffragette at Cubitt Town when he put his hand over her mouth is recovering, and it is thought that the Suffragette will not have to be shot.

In the course of a case at the Westminster County Court it was mentioned that at Drury Lane scene-shifters sometimes earn as much as £4 a week. The stage as a profession evidently offers better prospects than one had imagined.

"Reliable motor-cars may now be bought for under £200," says a contemporary, "and they have thus been brought within the reach of all." But what we want are motor-cars that we can get out of the reach of.

Next year, we are told, the Government will give us some Poor Laws. To those who think that any laws, however poor, are better than no laws, this should be good news.

The Rev. Dr. CLIFFORD has been threatening to organise Passive Resistance among Income Tax payers until the House of Lords is abolished. The rumour that Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is enchanted with his friend's idea is unconfirmed.

Meanwhile the House of Lords' scheme for reforming itself has been unfolded. It is proposed to reduce its membership by about one-third. This certainly narrows the scope of the dispute between the two Chambers, reducing

it to a matter of figures. But it is still doubtful whether a Government amendment disposing of the remaining two-thirds will be a compromise acceptable to the Upper House.

From *Votes for Women*:

"SUFFRAGETTE leaving Holloway Prison on the 28th inst. desires post as SECRETARY, or would undertake typewriting at home."

We suspect that this lady's ideal would be to combine both alternatives by taking the post of Home Secretary.



Knight Errant. "Ho! varlet! Hast seen aught of a dragon in this forest?"
Woodman. "There was one here last week, Sir Knight, but my son Simon slew it with a hay-fork."

"There is no woman in the world who, when she starts out shopping, is capable of spending so much money as the American woman," says a writer in *The Daily Mail*. May we, as the husband of an English woman, protest against these thoughtless words as being calculated to promote foolish emulation?

"ALL THESE HATS REDUCED," says the notice in a *chapelier's* window, and mere men are left wondering what their size was originally.

THE SMOKER'S FRIEND.

(A Recent Correspondence.)

1.

MEMO. FROM MESSRS. ROBINSON,
CIGAR SHIPPERS.

MY DEAR SIR.—We have been very anxious at not having heard from you for nearly a year. We trust that you are in good health and that no illness or bereavement has kept you from writing to us. As you know, it is our one ambition to satisfy you in the matter of cigars, and your long silence on this subject has naturally made us apprehensive. Until we hear from you, however, we shall refuse to believe that the last lot you had from us were fatal.

Write to us frankly on the subject. How did you like the cigars we sent you last Christmas? Were they brown enough? Did they smoke to a finish strongly? Our third shipper, who went to Havana especially to select this lot for you, writes us that in this respect they were fit for an Ambassador or (we may add) an Actor Manager. What is it, then, that you are keeping back from us? Perhaps you could not light them? If this was the case you should have written to us before, and we would either have sent you others of a more porous quality or forwarded you our special gimlet, with which you could have brought about the necessary draught. Lay bare your heart to us about these cigars. Do you mind the green spots?

A connoisseur like yourself will of course understand that, though we guarantee that all the cigars sent out by us *can* be smoked, yet the quality of the cigar must necessarily vary with the price. This being so, perhaps you would care to try a slightly higher-priced cigar this time. We have referred to our books and we see that last year we had the pleasure of sending you a box of our famous *Flor di Cabajo* at 8s. 6d. the hundred. A nicer-coloured cigar is the *Blanco Capello* at 9s. 6d.; but we are hoping this Christmas that you will see your way to giving our celebrated *Pompadour*, at £5 the hundred, a trial. They have all the features of the *Cabajo* which you approved, together with a breadth and charm of flavour of their own. May we send you a box of these?

Our other special lines are:—

The *I am Coming*—a spirited young cigar at 7s. 6d. the hundred, of which we enclose a sample.

The *Mañana*—prompt and impressive—10s. the hundred. (NOTE.—This cigar has a band.)

The *There and Back*—a good steady cigar. Only 10s. 6d. Never comes undone.

However, we are quite sure that none of these will appeal to such a fastidious palate as yours must be now, and that we may confidently rely on your order for a box of *Pompadour*.

We may say that if you should unfortunately have completely lost your taste for cigars we shall be happy to send a box to any friend of yours. Nothing could make a more acceptable present, and nothing would endear your friend to you so completely.

Now please write to us and tell us what you feel about it. We desire to make friends of our customers; we do not wish our business to be a mere commercial undertaking. Talk to us as freely as you would to your old college chum or fellow-clubman. We insist on being of service to you.

Hoping to hear from you within a day or two, We are, etc.,

ROBINSON & CO.

2.

MEMO. FROM ME.

DEAR OLD FRIEND.—A thousand thanks for your dear letter and the book with the pictures. Upon my word, I don't know which of the cigars I like best; they all look so jolly. Are they photographs or water-colours? I mean, are they really as brown as that? I like the tall one on page 7. I see you say that it smokes strongly to a finish. This is all very well, old friend, but what I want to know is, Does it hang at the beginning at all? Some of these cigars with a strong finish are very slow forward, you know.

Many thanks for the sample. Bless you, old pet, I don't mind the green spots. What do they mean? That the cigar isn't quite ripe yet, I suppose. But I think you overdo the light-brown spots. Or are they lucky, like those little strangers in the tea?

Yes, I think I must have some of your *Pompadour*. Send a box at Christmas to Mr. SMITHSON, of 199, Cornhill, with our love—yours and mine and the third shipper's. I'll pay. Not at all, old chap; it's a pleasure. He sent me some last Christmas; as it happened, I left 'em in the train before I had smoked one; but that wasn't his fault, was it? I'll get some for myself later on, if I may. You won't mind waiting?

Dear old soul, you make a mistake when you say I had some cigars from you last year. I assure you I've

never heard of your name till to-day. That was why I didn't write on your birthday. You'll forgive me, won't you?

Now it is your turn to write. Tell me all about yourself, and your children, and the third shipper, and the light-brown spots and everything. Cheero! Your very loving friend.

3.

DEAR SIR.—We have received your esteemed order, which shall be promptly executed. Though the *Pompadour* will not be despatched to your friend till Christmas they are now being selected and will be put aside to mature.

We have referred again to our books and find that a box of our celebrated young *Cabajos* was indeed despatched to your address last year, on the advice of Mr. SMITHSON, of 199, Cornhill. This was why we were so anxious at your long silence.

We are, etc., ROBINSON & CO.

4.

DEAR OLD SPORT.—I am afraid you misunderstood my last letter. The *Pompadour* are for myself; it was a hundred *I am Comings* which I wanted for my friend Mr. SMITHSON. I must tell you a funny thing about him; as a pal of both of us you will be interested. He collects cigar bands! I have no use for them myself; so, if it isn't troubling you, would you send the *Pompadour* bands to him, as the *I am Comings* haven't any of their own? You might put them on the cigars to save packing. Ever your devoted,

A. A. M.

Immediately, if not Sooner.

“Mr. Haldane, distributing the prizes to the men of the 13th (Kensington) Battalion County of London Regiment last night, said that the modern division was not worth anything unless it was so constructed that it could be rapidly and swiftly mobilised and used to anticipate the stroke, so that the counter-stroke of defence might be given first.”—*Daily Mail*.

The Unsectarian Spirit.

“Ibrahim Bey Nabih, Mudir of Behera, paid all the Ministers during his short stay at Cairo.”—*The Egyptian Daily Post*.

ALEXANDRA THEATRE, SHEFFIELD.

“Next Week:—The Girl who Wrecked his Home (1st visit).”—*Sheffield Telegraph*. She might have waited till she knew the family better.



OUR HONoured DEAD.

SHAKSPEARE. "TALKING OF POSTERITY—THEY DID SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A NATIONAL THEATRE FOR ME; BUT NOTHING SEEMS TO HAPPEN. WHAT HAVE THEY DONE FOR YOU?"

MILTON. "OH, I'M ALL RIGHT. EVERY THREE HUNDRED YEARS THEY GIVE ME A BANQUET AT THE MANSION HOUSE."

SHAKSPEARE. "LUCKY DOG!"



Proud Mother of brainless and conceited youth. "YOU'VE NO IDEA, MISS SMYTHE, HOW CLEVER MY SON IS. WE QUITE EXPECT HIM TO BE LORD CHANCELLOR SOME DAY." *Youth.* "OH, MOTHER! MISS SMYTHE WILL THINK YOU'RE EXAGGERATING!"

MILTON EXAMINATION PAPER.

[We understand that the Aldermen and other guests present at the Lord Mayor's Banquet in celebration of Milton's tercentenary will be expected to hand in written answers to the following questions before being allowed to leave the Mansion House.]

1. WRITE down any five consecutive lines from *Paradise Lost*.
2. State your views as to the proper construction of an Epic, giving illustrations from HOMER, VIRGIL, DANTE and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN.
3. Write ten lines in the Epic style on one of the following subjects:—
 - (a) The Lord Mayor.
 - (b) The Lord Mayor's Coachman.
 - (c) The City Remembrancer.
 - (d) A Liverymen.
 - (e) A Turtle before Capture.

With Naphtha and Asphaltus."
Give the context, and state whether you consider the diet a good one. Trace any historical connection between Asphaltus and Old Broad Street, and give six other trisyllabic words used by MILTON.

5. " *Soft she withdrew; and like a wood-nymph light,
Oread or Dryad, or of Delia's train,
Betoak her to the groves.*"

Write a concise, but respectable, description of Oreades and Dryads. If you saw an Oread in Cheapside what conclusion would you come to? If four Dryads lived in Westbourne Grove what would be the effect on those who shop there?

6. Who had a "privy paw," and what did he do with it?
Have you ever seen a two-handed engine at the

door? If so, describe it and say wherein (a) it resembles, (b) it differs from, the engine mentioned by MILTON. If you had a mantle blue would you twitch it? If not, why not? What happened to the owner of the mantle to-morrow?

7. *"The cynosure of neighb'ring eyes."*
 Have you ever seen a cynosure? Can it be eaten? If not, what is the good of it? What is its derivation? What does it mean anyhow?

8. *"Or richest Rothschild, Finance's child,
 Issue his native banknotes wild."*

Is this a strictly accurate quotation? If not, correct it.

9. Who dodged with whom betwixt Cambridge and *The Bull*, and who was half glad when he had got whom down?

10. Who was "Cambuscan bold"? Tell the second half of his story in the style of the first half.

Alarming Announcement at Portsmouth.

**"OUR NAVY AND ARMY
POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK."**

So much for the declarations of the Government.

_____ East, only

"Young Gentleman sailing early in New Year for Australia, New Zealand, and South Pacific seeks another."—*The Morning Post*.
This seems a long journey to make for what is, after all, quite a common article at home.

"Cambridge began by pressing, Wright bringing off a marvellously dodging run, but he failed to score until 10 minutes had elapsed."

Cambridge Daily News.
If he had gone straight for goal he would probably have got there sooner.

QUESTIONS OF THE DAY.

As I tossed my paper aside the shabby little man opposite looked at me over his black-rimmed pince-nez.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but have you finished with your paper?"

I passed it to him.

"I thank you," he said, with precise courtesy, and replacing the glasses on the tip of his nose he took out his pencil and began to look diligently through my *Daily Mail*.

"I take a keen interest in the questions of the day," he explained, "and nowhere, I find, are they so plentiful as in the halfpenny Press." Here he made a careful score against a headline on the third page. "I answer them all," he added, and, turning over the sheet, he marked the leading article also.

"Indeed!" I said, wondering a little.

"Yes. I feel I can do no other. It is but common courtesy to make some polite reply to questions that one may be asked, even by strangers, and especially to those asked by friends. Now take *The Daily Chronicle*, for instance. I used to read *The Chronicle* long before it formed the habit—the halfpenny habit, I call it—of asking questions. Well, *The Chronicle* is quite an old friend. You understand? So are *The Mail* and *The Express*, and the rest. Therefore, when one of these old friends asks a question, I am bound, as a gentleman, to answer it.

"Do you know that it was I who foretold the Boer War?" He waited for me to exclaim, which I promptly did. "Yes, sir; two days before hostilities began *The Mail* asked, 'Will there be war?' and by return of post I sent a post-card saying 'Yes.' And there was war!" I congratulated him.

"Another of my successes was the break-up of the frost last winter. *The Chronicle* inquired on its poster one bitterly cold morning, 'Will the Frost hold?' I replied 'No'—written on an ordinary post-card, dashed off in a moment, no display or fuss, you understand—and within ten days, believe me or not as you please, the thaw came.

"I am generally right. I was particularly successful—I trust I am not boring you, sir? Well, I was particularly successful with the question, 'Will the Government resign?' During a period of two years I gave nineteen accurate replies out of a possible twenty-one. Of course I have my little joke sometimes. I well remember one of the papers

asking (years ago, this was), 'Has the motor-car come to stop?' Like a shot I replied, 'Yes.' D'you see it? I think I can claim to be the first to make that joke to a leading London daily. And when *The Express* once asked, 'Do we eat too much?' I wrote, 'How should I know when you have never asked me to dinner?' But they didn't take the hint.

"Time alone will show whether I made an accurate forecast with my emphatic reply to 'Will Women get the Vote?' Only a fortnight ago I saw in one of the penny weeklies, 'Can a Man Live in London on a Thousand a Year?' A thousand a year, sir; not seven-and-sixpence a week. Well, I've had no experience personally, but I made an intelligent guess, and replied, 'Yes.'"

"I hope the papers appreciate your information," I said.

"Lord bless you, I don't mind!" he exclaimed. "I don't want any thanks. Helping lame dogs over stiles, you know. Still, I gather that my replies give general satisfaction, for the questions as a rule are not asked again. I answered 524 last year, and up to date I have sent this year 492 replies."

The train stopped, and with a genial "Good day," he disappeared, without giving me a chance to ask if he happened to have among his relations anybody of the name of ASHTON.

CHICK-FOOD.

BY AUNT KINDLY.

ONCE again it is my pleasure to offer advice as to the best children's books of the year and point the way to happiness in the nurseries and play-rooms of England, and once again I have called in the expert assistance of a youthful reader, my little daughter CISSIE, who, though only a mite of seven, knows a good story and a good picture when she sees them as well as most.

To begin with, I may say again, as I always do, that never was there such a season for children's books—so witty and charming; never was there a time when it was so delightful to be a child.

Here, for example, is *Willy and the Wumps*, one of the drollest and most fanciful works I remember to have read. The satire is delightful, especially in the scene where the hostess twists the *King of Lollipop Land* with his second divorce.

We come to exquisite satire again in *The Motoring Mice*, one of those

charming grotesque animal books of which the chicks never tire. The verses by Mr. DEWITT EASLIE are quite Carrollesque in their humour and finish, as this extract will show:

Mousie, license all endorsed,
Wishes he again were horsed.

How true that is! How many a motorist (myself among them) has wished that after a visit to the Bench. The pictures are delightfully droll.

There lie also on my table the latest volumes in the darling Podgy Books, the always fascinating Phat Pholios and the Pretty Pilules. The best of the new Podgies is, I think, *The Wiffy Wunkses*; the best Phat Pholio is *Boo-Boo and the Larynx Bird*, and the best Pretty Pilule is *The Story of Mr. Sammy Serpent*, the illustrations to which, showing the merry little snake in his new trousers and tall hat smoking his first cigarette, and so forth, are irresistible.

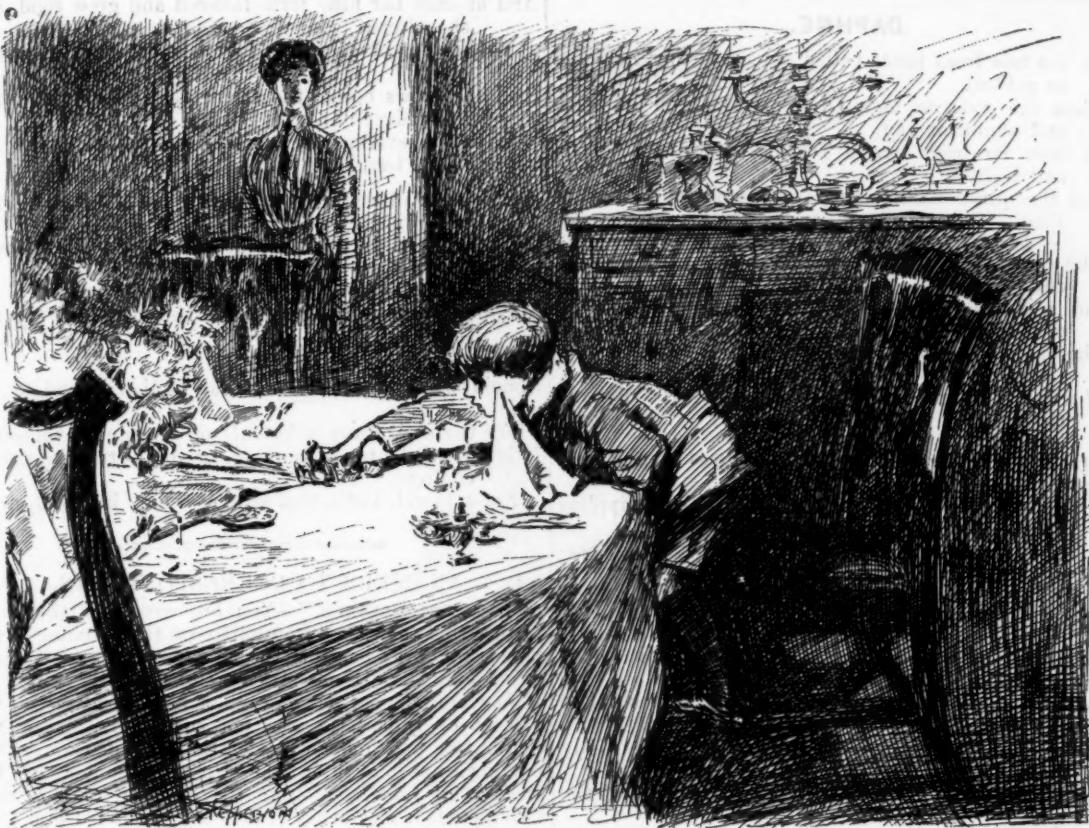
Of the stories for children, the best I have read this year is *The Young Millionaire*, a diverting narrative of the children of an American finance king who are sent to Europe alone with a million pounds each to spend. This is most interestingly and convincingly worked out, and should be very popular in every English home this Christmas, which it is my hope will be spent happily by everyone, great and small!

I now make room for little CISSIE, who writes: "I have read *The Toffee Tree*. It is ripping. It is about a little boy who plants a piece of toffee and it grows into a ripping tree, and all kinds of things like that. It is ripping. There are some most beautiful pictures. I have read a ripping story called *Long Hair and Short Frock*. It is about a little girl and her adventures, and how the gipsies ran away with her, and how she was tracked by her fox-terrier Pimpo and brought back. It is all very nice and ripping. Another ripping book is *The Wiggly Pigs*, the history of a family of pigs who go to the pantomime, and have a conjuror in their own sty, and delightful things like that, with the most beautiful pictures. I have read lots more books, in fact I don't do anything else, but these are the best, although all the others are ripping in places."

"MEAT WARRANTY.
Important Joint Conference."

Manchester Evening News.

This was a passable joke once, but it won't do now.



Governess. "TOMMY, STOP DOING THAT; YOUR MOTHER WOULD BE VERY CROSS."

Tommy. "OH, NOT SO VERY; SHE ISN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL A REALLY BAD-TEMPERED WOMAN."

CHATS ABOUT DEAR OLD LONDON.

PADDINGTON IN THE PAST.

[Mr. SAMUEL TUBBINS, of the Mews, Hammersmith, recounts some interesting experiences of his early youth in *Chat* No. 251.—With acknowledgments to "The Evening News."

I REMEMBER the building of the present Houses of Parliament quite distinctly. I used to pass there every morning, and one day I recollect seeing a cartload of stone slowly making its way to the site. There were two or three fairly large pieces of stone on the cart. No, I don't think I could identify them to-day, but my brother, who had a job there as labourer for three weeks, might be able to tell you. The cart was drawn by horses, but these I expect have been dead some time, leastwise I haven't seen them since that day.

The arrival of the news of WELINGTON's victory at Trafalgar came when we had my wife's sister's little girl staying with us. She had fallen downstairs the day before, having tripped over a bit of loose carpet, and

was laying up on the sofa, and when I told her the news it would 'a' done your heart good to hear her laugh! Poor little thing, she's married now, and has a son who went to the bad and turned journalist. Paddington, where we lived then, was right in the country, and to get to London we used to have to cross a little stile close to where the left-luggage office on the G.W.R. departure platform now is. I think they must have moved the stile when they built the station.

There was no *Daily Mail* in those days. We just had to form our own opinions on everything and get along as best we could.

The Hampstead Murder made a great sensation when I was a lad of fourteen. The murderer was hanged on my birthday—a Wednesday. They seem to have lost the knack of catching 'em nowadays.

No, I can't say that I remember Buckingham Palace without that circular green hoarding in front of it; that must have been there a very long time. "QUEEN ELIZABETH

Memorial," or something like that, isn't it?

My father took me to the "White City" of 1851, but I rather think we called it the Exhibition in those days.

Taxicabs were quite unheard of, and I remember as if it was yesterday, so to speak, when it was one blast for a four-wheeler and two blasts—

[May we add a third?—Ed.]

"A Young Man Wants Situation as Odd Man or Pair Horses."

Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser.
We have an old revolving cage, if he would care to come as three white mice.

"Schedule I. fixed the grant to contracting-out schools on a sliding-scale, based on the number of children, which ranged from 46s. 6d. when there were more than 1,300 children in a school to 46s. 6d. when there were between 30 and 50."—*The Morning Post*.

We can only attribute the failure of this slide to the mild weather. Anyhow, it shows the futility of compromise.

DAPHNE.

HERE 's a tale from times called olden, further qualified as golden,
When the gods on high Olympus smacked of earth and sunburnt tan,
With their far from formal Dryads, and their Oreads and Naiads,
And the questionable doings of the forest Courts of Pan.

At the era that I write on, in the whole of Greece no chiton
Hid a contour more alluring or revealed so fair a cheek
As the one which draped the figure, in its folded classic rigour,
Of a charming girl called Daphne, of a type divinely Greek.

I perhaps may also mention that her eyes were bluest gentian,
While her hair was like the sunshine on the rippling waves of wheat,
And her face supplied a thesis for the shepherds' pastoral pieces,
And they laid their choicest garlands at her little sandalled feet.

But, in spite of rustic sheep's eyes and bucolic winks and deep sighs,
Daphne shunned alike the pastorals and posies of the herds
For the lonely woodland places or for high and windy spaces,
For the music of the mountains or the singing of the birds.

And if Bacchus and his leopards roused the neighbouring nymphs and shepherds,
When the Bassarid and Maenad made the Vale of Tempe ring
With their light and larky revels on the misty moonlit levels,
Well, I rather fancy Daphne would avoid that kind of thing.

So the empty weeks that passed her left her cold as alabaster,
Till one day by dark Peneus where the laurel thickets are,
With a certain shy ignition, Daphne met a tall musician
Who in fact was young Apollo who had loved her from afar.

Now, although his reputation gave some cause for conversation,
Still I think that had she waited he 'd have won her at his ease,
But, when he declared his title, in alarm at its recital
She forsook his further wooing for the butterflies and bees.

Like the summer wind that passes, Daphne fled o'er flowers and grasses,
For she heard the rushing footsteps race across the scented thyme,
And in sudden panic ardour she implored the gods to guard her
From the words she vowed were nonsense and the kiss she called a crime!

And at once her lithe form faltered and grew rigid, and she altered
To a bush of gleaming laurel in its dark perennial green;
And she grows beside the river where the rushes thrill and shiver
With an everlasting murmur of the things which might have been!

And when Autumn days are dying and the wood is full of sighing,
When there's sobbing in the pine tops and a murmur in the firs,
Do we tax imagination if we say its lamentation
Is our little Daphne crying for the love that was not hers?
* * * * *

Should we want to pin a moral to this legend of the laurel
For the use of any *débutante* on reaching seventeen, it is: Don't be too unbending, or you 'll run the risk of ending
Not a laurel, but a wall-flower—which is not an evergreen!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"VACUUM CLEANER."—You are wrong in your conjecture that the Select Committee on the mending of the House of Lords has had the advantage of expert assistance from Mr. HENRY ARTHUR-JONES, author of *Dolly Reforming Herself*, a play that also turns upon the subject of Bills. He was not consulted, and as the Committee had under consideration the question of improving the quality of the Upper Chamber by the creation of Life Peers from the ranks of distinguished Commoners a nice sense of delicacy precluded him from volunteering his advice.

"A LOVER OF TERCENTENARIES."—We are surprised and pained that you should only just have heard of "The British Academy," which is conducting certain commemorations in honour of the Tercentenary of MILTON. It is not, of course, the same as the Royal Academy, though that, too, is very British. "The British Academy" is a body of gentlemen representative of those departments of literature—historic, philosophic and scientific—which have least to do with literature proper, their only connection being that they are compelled to express themselves through the medium of words. If MILTON were living to-day they wouldn't look at him. See lines on this topic p. 431.

"THROUGH A MASK DARKLY."—Many thanks for your suggestion for a cartoon—*Comus*, as a Peer, pressing the cup of Dissolution upon *The Lady* (Liberal Party), who declines it with great dignity. We are using another MILTON subject this time, and must postpone yours till next tercentenary.

"War between Turkey and Belgravia seems almost inevitable."—*The Rhodesia Herald*. Of course, things have improved a good deal since our spirited young contemporary got hold of this piece of news, and there seems every hope now of a quiet Christmas in Pimlico.

"There are always a certain number of soakers whose potations are probably greater if they pass five publichouses than if they pass only one."—*The Times*. It isn't the number they pass that matters, but the number they can't get past.

STREET THRILLS.

HAS it ever occurred to you that celebrities no less than yourself walk across roads, buy papers, hail cabs, and have their being? You may not have thought of it; but once you do think of it life is changed for you, and London becomes a new and wonderful city. I had not thought of it myself until this very last week, when I chanced upon an article in *The Chronicle*, in which occurred these stimulating sentences: "This ignorance of the presence of celebrated people in their very midst is so characteristic of Londoners that it can be illustrated by scores of cases from one's personal experience. Only last year, when MARK TWAIN was the central figure in England, the greatest of living Americans drove down Fleet Street—Fleet Street!—in a curious little pony-trap, and though his big white head challenged attention, nobody realised who he was." Isn't that extraordinary? But the worst of it is, *The Chronicle* doesn't say what the passers-by ought to have done had they recognised MARK. Something genial and offensive, no doubt, to make him sorry that he had come. Perhaps they ought to have taken the pony from the shafts and drawn him instead, or merely have stared him into discomfort.

Again: "Even playgoers, enthusiastic celebrity hunters though they are, rarely identify this or that star of the stage in their habits as they walk or drive about the streets. One would think that Miss EDNA MAY, as a passenger on the Underground, would have been—to use a fine, old, fruity phrase—the cynosure of all eyes, but it is doubtful whether two passengers in the long car realised that the charming lady in the corner seat was the first queen of musical comedy." There is, of course, no excuse for playgoers not to recognise their gods and goddesses, considering the number of illustrated papers and picture-postcards; but here, again, the two passengers whose ignorance, or nice breeding, is so stigmatised by *The Chronicle* are left in the dark as to their proper line of conduct. Obviously they should have made it apparent in some way or other that they knew, if only that Miss May might be made self-conscious and unhappy.

Finally we have this: "Coming away from NELSON's tomb is Mr. THOMAS HARDY, though none of the sightseers recognise in the slim,



Sadie. "WELL, I GUESS SHE'S BEAUTIFUL; BUT THERE ARE OTHERS QUITE AS BEAUTIFUL." "I RECKON SHE'S JUST HAD THE LUCK TO BE TAKEN UP."

slight figure, with curiously dry, almost yellow-parchment, face, the creator of *Tess* and the epic poet of *The Dynasts*. One drops into the National Gallery to see the new Hals, and in the little crowd about it is Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. A hansom passes eastward to the Embankment, and one recognises its inmate with broad face, eagle nose, and unmistakable look of power, to be Mr. MOBERLY BELL, the man behind *The Times*. Anywhere and everywhere throughout London one runs across people of lesser or greater celebrity or achievement, and sees them as unnoticed units in every-day life. Only a month or two ago a roughly-bearded man came out of a tea-shop in Parliament Street, and in his hand a paper-bag, from which he began to eat buns as he walked

along. It was the Duke of NORFOLK, Premier Peer and Earl Marshal of England." But the Duke is hardly likely to do it again. These *Chronicle* gentlemen are too active and observant.

The moral of the whole thing is that one should be prepared for the worst—or best—and stare all the time at everyone, raising one's hat deferentially all the while. One will run the risk of paying undue attention to a few nonentities, but the satisfaction of having conveyed the illusion of recognition and homage to the others will be sufficient repayment. Let your motto be, To Hades with anonymity and retirement.

Remorse.

"Lady Bradenham buried herself with the teapot."—"Hearth and Home" feuilleton.



Captain of Signallers. "G—G—G, WHAT THE DEUCE DOES THE FELLOW MEAN? THERE'S NO WORD WITH THREE G'S RUNNING."
Corporal. "BEG PARDON, SIE, BUT SIGNALLER HIGGINS HE STUTTERS!"

EASY CHARITY FOR CHILDREN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I am only a little girl of nine years old, but I thought I would like to tell you all about my Christmas charities. They are such fun, something like competitions, but ever so much more interesting than the Limericks Daddy used to get so cross over. First of all I have to write a letter to Santa Claus—that means one of the Stores, really—and enclose a sixpenny postal order for a Children's Hospital, and as they are giving a thousand beautiful prizes for the best letters I am hoping to win one, as I think I write very nicely for my age—don't you? And even if I don't, every single child who sends a postal order will get a pretty souvenir, which, Mummy says, will very likely be worth more than sixpence.

Then I am collecting threepenny-bits for the Charity competition in Mumuny's fashion paper. They are giving dolls' perambulators for prizes to the children who collect most; and I'm nearly sure to get one, as I bother all Mumuny's and Daddy's friends dreadfully. Then I am painting a picture post-card and sending stamps for the Poor Children's Warm Stockings Charity; but I am only trying for a third prize in that, because the third prize is a paint-box and I want a new one. A lady from our own church asked me if I could make cuffs for the poor children round here. Of course I can make cuffs, but they are giving no prizes, and I don't expect I shall have time.

I thought, dear Mr. Punch, you might like to get up a Children's Charity Competition for us. We would send postal orders. And would you mind giving fountain pens

for prizes, because I do want to have one, and Daddy won't let me use his? Your affectionate little Friend, DOLLY.

TO MILTON.

[With sincere apologies to Wordsworth.]

"Milton, if he were alive now, would be in favour of every advanced movement except women's suffrage."—Prof. Hanley, of Chicago.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living with us now: England hath need of thee: she is a den Of roaring lions—women *versus* men; Women, who used to be content to bow To man's authority, have lost somehow The knack of doing so. Hence I take my pen To say how much I wish thee back again, To teach them manners. People say that thou Didst own the very attribute we need, Namely, "a voice whose sound was like the sea;" Imagine what an asset *that* would be At meetings where the Suffragette holds sway With frequent interruptions, and indeed The speaker's duty on herself doth lay!

"Canon Ball occupied the pulpit in the morning, and the Rector in the evening. Both at the morning and evening services the anthem was 'Sleepers, awake!'"—*The Peterborough Express*.
 But surely this anthem cannot have been necessary in the morning.

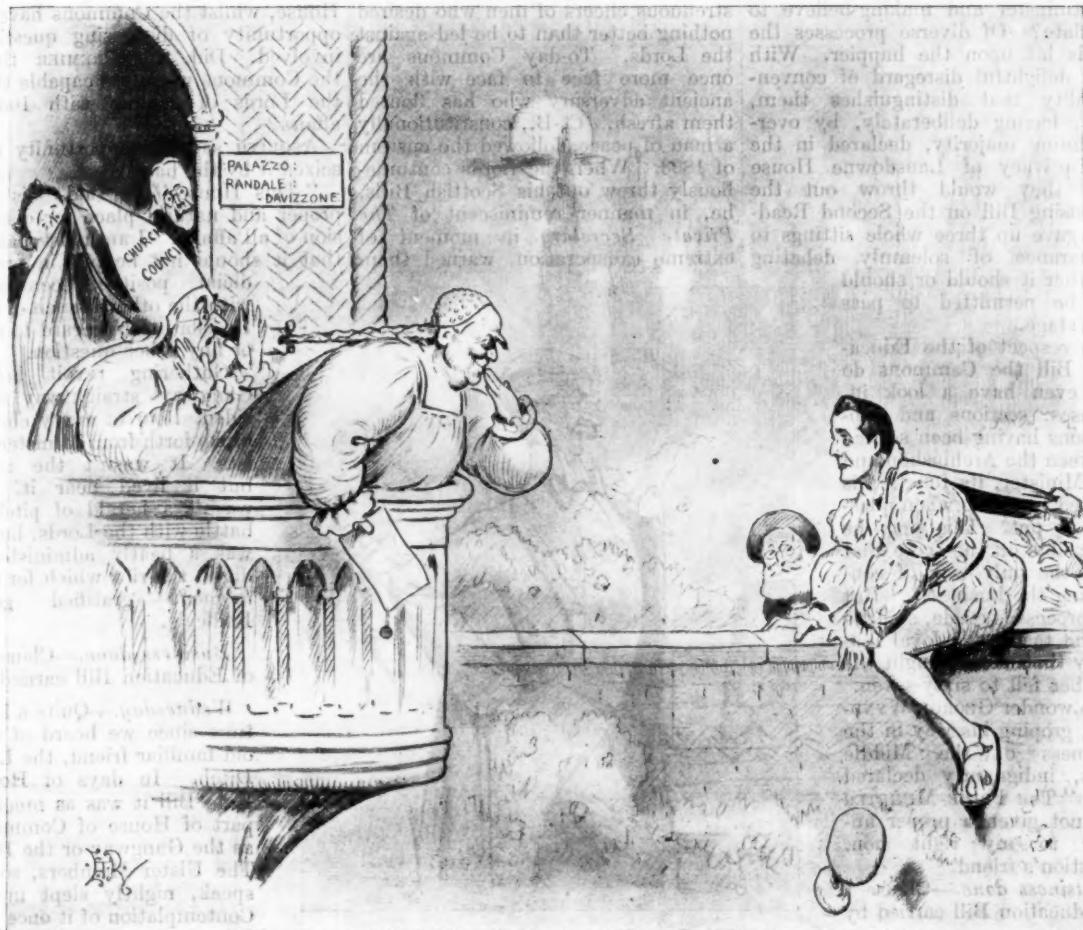


A BIRD OUT OF HAND.

EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA (*to his Bird*). "IF YOU'RE DOING THIS WAR-DANCE IN HONOUR OF MY JUBILEE, I RATHER WISH YOU WOULDN'T.
I'M AN OLD MAN, AND IT DON'T AMUSE ME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE TRAGEDY OF ROMEO AND JULIET.

JULIET (DAVIZZONE) to ROMEO (RUNCIMAN) as they are torn apart by infatuated friends. "I have no joy of this contract to-night:

It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good night!

This bud of love by Ingram's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

ROMEO. "Oh, blessed, blessed night! I was afraid,
Being in night, all this was but a dream.
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial!" [Is hauled down.]

House of Commons, Monday, November 30th.—"Who's your fat friend?" BEAU BRUMMEL once asked an acquaintance, indicating with a nod the PRINCE REGENT, who stood close by. Who's GEORGE WYNDHAM's "right hon. Question's friend?"

This anonymous person introduced to Committee after it had been engaged for three hours in discussing Education Bill. G. W. had worked himself up to state of glowing indignation. PRINCE ARTHUR, earlier interposing, asked for particulars about grants to be made to contracting-out

schools. RUNCIMAN promised to give later on information as to what he airily alluded to as "the item." It was thereupon G. W. dragged in his "right hon. Question's friend," whose appearance on scene was greeted with grateful burst of laughter.

WYNDHAM wrath with whole arrangement of manipulating Bill.

"Why," he cried aloud, "we are back in the Middle Ages."

Parliamentary Procedure certainly taking on new phase. There still nominally exist two Chambers. But work of legislation is done outside.

Last week we had the Peers meeting at Lansdowne House to arrange fate of Licensing Bill. Decided to chuck it on Second Reading. And chucked it was. In respect of Education Bill analogous course adopted in Commons. PREMIER and PRIMATE write letters to each other discussing moot points. RUNCIMAN comes and goes between, and, when everything is settled in the back parlour, House of Commons is invited to append to arrangement the seal of its approval.

As the MEMBER FOR SARK says, this may be an admirable business system; but it is obviously over-

weighted. If the principal Bills of the Session are to be settled, whether at Lansdowne House or Lambeth Palace, what's the use of noble Lords and hon. Members coming down to Westminster and making-believe to legislate? Of diverse processes the Lords hit upon the happier. With that delightful disregard of conventionality that distinguishes them, they, having deliberately, by overwhelming majority, declared in the semi-privacy of Lansdowne House that they would throw out the Licensing Bill on the Second Reading, gave up three whole sittings to appearance of solemnly debating whether it should or should not be permitted to pass that stage.

In respect of the Education Bill the Commons do not even have a look in. Clauses, sections and sub-sections having been settled between the Archbishop and the Minister, its function is limited to voting when question is put. This may be defensible on the score that it is the only way of concluding the business. But the process is crude, so little to the taste of a loyal majority that once to-night the number fell to sixty-seven.

No wonder GEORGE WYNDHAM, groping his way in the darkness of the Middle Ages, indignantly declared that "The PRIME MINISTER has not given a proper answer to my right hon. Question's friend."

Business done.—Clause 1 of Education Bill carried by closure.

Tuesday.—Some expectation yesterday that the PREMIER would seize opportunity to "say a few words" about the Lords and the Licensing Bill. Occasion tempting; practice in analogous circumstances customary. GLADSTONE's last speech from the brass-bound box long familiar with the influence of his clenched fist contained a strong denunciation of conduct of Lords in throwing out Home Rule Bill, action closely followed by half-strangling of Parish Councils Bill.

"For me," said the veteran knight, wearing his armour for the last time, "my duty terminates with calling the attention of the House to the fact that we are considering a part, an essential and inseparable part, of a question that has become profoundly acute—a question that will

demand a settlement and must at an early date receive that settlement from the highest authority."

Fifteen years have sped since this solemn warning was uttered amid strenuous cheers of men who desired nothing better than to be led against the Lords. To-day Commons are once more face to face with the ancient adversary who has flouted them afresh. C.-B., constitutionally a man of peace, followed the custom of 1893. When the Lords contumeliously threw out his Scottish Bills, he, in manner reminiscent of *The Private Secretary* in moment of extreme exasperation, warned them

KEIR HARDIE in intimate knowledge of India, and in self-confidence of their capacity to govern it, protested against SECRETARY OF STATE's annual discourse being delivered in the other House, whilst the Commons have no opportunity of discussing questions involved. Did the PREMIER think the Commons were less capable than the Lords of dealing with Indian affairs?

ASQUITH saw his opportunity and seized it by the hair.

"This House," he said, "is the proper and natural place for discussion of all affairs. I am most jealous that it should not be put in prejudicial position compared with the other branch of the Legislature in regard to this or any other question."

Gathering revolt below Gangway straightway subsided. Roar of angry cheers broke forth from Ministerialists. It wasn't the rose, but it lived near it. It wasn't a herald of pitched battle with the Lords, but it was a neatly administered dig in the ribs which for the moment gratified good Radicals.

Business done.—Clause 2 of Education Bill carried.

Wednesday.—Quite a long time since we heard of our old familiar friend, the Last Ditch. In days of Home Rule Bill it was as much a part of House of Commons as the Gangway or the Bar. The Ulster Members, so to speak, nightly slept in it. Contemplation of it once led GRANDOLPH to imitate Mr. Silas Wegg's occasional

habit of dropping into poetry.

"Ulster will fight," said the champion of Law and Order; "and Ulster will be right."

Colonel SAUNDERSON, ever-lamented among the old friends who leave the present House, saw to it that the ditch was kept in good order, suitable for Irish Landowners to die in whenever loyalty suggested that the procedure would be advantageous in the campaign against Home Rule.

Seemed as if the last ditch had disappeared with other Parliamentary institutions of the final quarter of the nineteenth century. One had come to think of it as filled-up, grass-grown, with children playing over a space in which gallant Ulstermen had several times died.

To-night, to delight of old Mem-



"MY RIGHT HONOURABLE QUESTION'S FRIEND."
(Rt. Hon. G-rge W-ndh-m.)

that if they did it again he "would give them a good hard knock." ASQUITH above all things a man of business. Not in a position just now to take the field against the Lords. The trumpet will sound to battle by-and-by. For the present he will stay in Downing Street and endeavour to get through as many Bills as can be managed in the course of another two, peradventure three, years. If he is not prepared to bite, why waste time in barking?

So yesterday came and went, and never a word was said about fate of Licensing Bill or iniquity of the Lords. To-day chance came of firing a shot without danger of ricochet. The rifle instantly at his shoulder. Gentlemen below Gangway on Ministerial side, competing with DON'T



TRIALS OF A HUNTSMAN.

Huntsman (who has come a long way to a holloa). "HAVE YOU SEEN THE FOX?"

Boy (from safe side of gate). "No." Huntsman. "THEN WHY WAS YE HOLLERIN'?"

Boy. "CAUSE WE WANTED TO SEE THE 'UNTERS'."

bers who felt quite young again, Dr. HAZELL dragged it in. Was hauled on to stage in speech coruscating with other forensic fireworks. Occasion arose in respect of right of entry to schools conceded by Education Bill. Dr. HAZELL admitted that there was much good in the measure. "But if you have six eggs to make an omelette with, and one is bad, the whole dish is tainted." He protested that with the best will in the world he was "unable to swallow it, and the PREMIER's speech had not helped to wash it down."

After these reflections, appropriately introduced about the dinner hour, he came to the last ditch. Descending its depths, waving a banner bearing the strange device, "No Right of Entry," he called upon good Nonconformists to follow and die with him.

On a division the Last Ditchers mustered 18, Ministers decently covering them up with the assistance of 282 supporters.

Business done.—Still on Education Bill. (Since dead.)

THE TRUE APPEAL.

[In the new Christmas play at His Majesty's Theatre we are promised (by *The Daily Express*) "a subtlety and underlying philosophy in the story and its treatment which will cause it to appeal as strongly to grown-up people as to the children themselves."]

I'VE settled down in manhood's groove;
My pockets are no longer sewn up;
I've got a latchkey, and I move
In circles most distinctly grown-up.

I've quite abandoned booby-traps
And other rough-and-ready joking,
While—clearest sign of all, perhaps—
My father doesn't mind my smoking.

Yet these are facts that I forget,
Confronted with a children's story;
I follow it enrapt—and let
Philosophising go to glory.

Take *Peter Pan*: I went to that,
Because I loved to see the flying,
To feel my heart go pit-a-pat
When *Tinker Bell* (I feared) was
dying;

To watch the nurse dressed like a dog,

To hear the wolves and redskins howling,

To mark the pirates sipping grog
And tremble at their awful scowling;

To squirm before those ghastly jaws
Which swallowed *Hook* and all his rum wear—

That's why I went; and not because
I thought to sniff a moral somewhere.

"The pecresses came in bevvies, as did the duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, and ladies of lesser rank."—*The Western Daily Press*.

This shows that bevvies are much more satisfactory than motor-cars to come in. Motor-cars tend to emphasize social distinctions.

The Dream that didn't come true.

"They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a RUNCIMAN spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon."
The Owl and the Pussy-cat.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—WYNDHAM'S.

From the general atmosphere of snobbery which pervades his play, *Sir Anthony*, I am not sure that the author himself escapes untainted. Certainly he takes small pains to conceal from us that the home life of the suburbs is known to him only by report. Whether the *milieu* is Herne Hill or the more genteel slopes of Balham, it is always a stage Suburbia that he presents. This kind of artificiality of the footlights doesn't matter much in the case of the two extremes of the social scale. The traditional duke and the traditional burglar serve well enough, since the playwright's probable unfamili-



"FALSE, FLEETING, PERJURED CLARENCE!"
Clarence Chope . . . Mr. Weedon Grossmith.
Rev. Wilkin Delmar . . . Mr. J. D. Beveridge.

arity with these types in actual life is shared by most of his audience. But with the great In-between it is different, and there must have been many people, from the boxes to the pit, who could have easily corrected Mr. HADDON CHAMBERS' picture of suburban manners. An exception must be admitted in the character of the Congregational Minister, played by Mr. BEVERIDGE with an admirable restraint in the matter of unctuousness.

It seems a pity, if snobbery as the vice of the age was to be the author's theme, that he should have selected for ridicule so harmless and excusable a case as this of the pork-curer's clerk, who tries to make capital out of a chance association with a baronet on board ship. Far likelier objects of contempt in this kind were to be found at large, and

crying for castigation, in the outskirts, and even well within the borders, of Mayfair itself. And here he could more easily have confined his satire to the actual vice, and not been tempted to confuse it with the unnecessary ridicule of a class. I rather think, by the way, that *Sir Anthony*, whom I should have liked to see on the stage, was as bad a snob as any of them. His method of snubbing the innocent advances of the poor little clerk certainly did not make him out to be much of a thoroughbred.

The skeleton of the author's scheme is fairly fresh, but it is only a skeleton with no flesh to it. Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH did all that was possible to give it life, playing like the good craftsman he always is. It was not his fault that he was given things to say which were far too clever for the part. I do wish that he might now and again be offered a rôle in which he isn't expected to shoot his shirt-cuffs and strut about with a crook in his elbows. Miss NINA BOUCICAULT had very little chance for her fine gifts in the rather obvious part of the clerk's sister; but Mr. EVELYN BEERBOHM showed great promise as an impossibly offensive counter-jumper. Miss CHRISTINE SILVER made a very passable minx; and Miss SUZANNE SHELDON, much too good for her opportunities, gave, in the person of the opulent *Mrs. Bulger*, a very humorous picture of the higher vulgarity.

II.—THE WALDORF.

I remember being taken once by a gallant fellow in the Argylls to see a popular Musical Comedy. Both of us laughed but little; I, because I found it rather stupid; he, because he knew it by heart. He admitted to having seen it twenty-two times.

I hazarded the only conceivable explanation: "You have," I said, "a friend in the chorus?"

He denied it.

"But what other thinkable attraction can there be?" I asked.

"Oh, well," he said, "one must do something of an evening."

I never in my life heard a worse excuse for anything.

Sometimes I think that the audiences who take delight in assisting at British Musical Comedies must be a class apart, and that I am outside the pale. For one thing, this kind of entertainment seems to need such a lot of creators—often half-a-dozen, not counting the performers with their private gag—and that makes it so hard to fix the

responsibility. However, the "New Musical Comedy" at the Waldorf is the work of two men only, Mr. Hugo FELIX (*sit nomen omen!*), who did the pretty music, and Mr. ADRIAN ROSS, who made the "Book and Lyrics." I am not including the original French authors, whose names are omitted on the programme, for after all they were foreigners, and only invented the thing, and so don't count.

The play is called *The Antelope*.

I never nursed a young gazelle;
But I was given an antelope.

The name stands for a company that insures you against your wife's elopement. I don't suppose that a pun like that—always a bad thing in a title—really amused Mr. ADRIAN



NAPLES IN KENSINGTON: A SERENADE.
Speranza Derrick . . . Miss Kitty Gordon.
Bennett Barker . . . Mr. Fred Wright, jun.

Ross himself; but long commerce with the sort of humour that is demanded in the circles where his lot is cast has left him sadly cynical. As a maker of stage-lyrics, though hardened by habit, he is incapable of bad or slovenly work, and can still give proof of his quality, as in the song "Matches I have made." But he has not had a fair chance this time, being compelled to make words that would go to ready-made music. In these conditions he has done very well not to be more mechanical.

In one respect he enjoys an unusual advantage. As author of all the words, spoken or sung, he has no temptation to trespass on a rival's preserves, and has given us his Book and his Lyrics in right proportions. In effect, the movement of the farce is not hampered by the intrusion of songs out of season.

The music was exceptionally charming and more than made amends for the absence of superlative merit in the vocal interpretation.

Mr. FARREN SOUTAR, who played the hero-artist *Daubeny* (with attendant models), was a very pleasant figure—always natural and unspoilt. Mr. FRED EMNEY, as a housebreaker (in the nobler sense of the word), contributed some quiet humour; but the brunt of the fun fell upon Mr. FRED WRIGHT, jun., who bore it bravely and with a most elastic energy, but could not always conceal the effort. He made *The Antelope* go fairly fast: but his whip was out more than once.

O. S.

VERSATILE VIRTUOSI.

[“Mr. Theodore Byard, whose vocal efforts have won ready recognition in London by reason of their intellectuality, is at present carrying out a professional tour in what is an altogether new field as far as English artists are concerned, namely the Balkans . . . Mr. Byard is in the position to make a dual study of the situation, since, in addition to his musical efficiency, he has a wide knowledge of military matters gained as an officer in the British Army, a position which he resigned in order to devote himself more closely to the study of music.”—*Morning Post*.]

KUBELIK, on whose shoulders the mantle of PAGANINI is admitted to have fallen, is about to undertake an extensive tour in Manchuria, Korea, Sakhalin and Japan. The main aim of his visit, however, is not so much artistic as scientific. KUBELIK has long been a profound student of physics, and he is anxious to confirm some of his remarkable theories on the subject of capillary attraction by experiments on the Hairy Ainos of Japan, whose susceptibility to music is little short of notorious.

Mr. McCORMACK, the famous Irish tenor, will shortly start on a professional tour in North Africa. After giving a series of concerts at Algiers, Biskra, and Figuig, and other influential centres, he intends to strike south for Lake Tchad and Timbuctoo, in the hopes, first, of discovering traces of the occupation of this region by the pre-historic Milesians; and, secondly, of studying the voice-production of the gorilla, which, on the authority of DU CHAILLU, is able to emit a high D from the chest and with the utmost impunity. As a singer and a prominent leader of the Celtic Renaissance, Mr. McCORMACK is admirably equipped to make a dual study of the situation. Professor GARNER, it will be remembered, employed a steel cage for his observation of the gorillas of this district, but



WINTER FASHIONS, 1908-9.

Mr. McCORMACK has patented an aluminium wigwam which is at once more portable and far more pleasing to the eye.

Mr. BORIS BAMBERGER has decided to carry out his long-deferred design of a pianoforte tour in the Solomon Islands in the ensuing spring. Being a first-rate Hebrew scholar as well as a great executant, Mr. BAMBERGER is peculiarly well adapted to cope with the dual exigencies of such an enterprise. He will, as on all similar occasions, be accompanied by his devoted wife (the daughter of Sir GABRIEL SLAZENGER, I.S.O., and fourteenth cousin, by marriage, of Lord MUNGO HARBOTTLE), their infant twin daughters, LADOGA and ONEGA, and a staff of expert press-cutters.

ACADEMIC INCONSISTENCY.

THE British Academy solely consists Of scholars, historians, philologists; And in framing the roll of its blessed “immortals” On poets it ruthlessly slams its portals.

The British Academy, somewhat late In the day, resolved to be up to date; And set in motion its machinery To organise a Tercentenary.

But strange to say, the man whom it chose To honour was MILTON, who, every one knows, Would not, if alive, be in a position To be a British Academician.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is R. H. BENSON's habit to make his work either openly or covertly controversial, and readers of *The Conventionalists* (HUTCHINSON) have no surprise in store for them. The Banisters—an old Protestant family—were, with the exception of *Algy*, martyrs to convention, which means that they talked and thought of little but sport, food, and the management of their estate. The action of the first part of the book may be said to have been carried on to the music of meals, and in this atmosphere *Algy* was as out of place as a lady would be at a prize-fight. So when he meets some Roman Catholic priests and *Christopher Dell* (whom readers of *The Sentimentalists* will remember), it needs little perspicacity to guess what is going to happen. He was, of course, received into the Roman Catholic Church, and eventually entered a Carthusian monastery. I am far from being satisfied with the author's artifice of introducing himself as one of the characters of his book, for, instead of giving an impression of truth, it produces a directly contrary effect. Although it is often possible to blame FATHER BENSON for a lack of good taste, there is no denying his gifts of imagination and his excellent literary style. He contrives to make me both intensely interested and annoyed at the same time, and, as in output he is worthy of his family name, my feelings towards him are so constantly mixed that I do not know whether to beg him to write more or beseech him to write less.

Heroines in search of a thoroughly romantic and original situation cannot do better than communicate with the AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE Bureau. In *Wroth* (SMITH, ELDER) the leading lady, a widow who answers to the name (if I caught it rightly) of *Juliana Mordante di Belgioso dei Vespi*, disguises herself, and goes through the marriage ceremony with the man she loves, while he believes that he is giving his rather ferocious title of *Wroth* to *Peggy Beljoy*, a comedy actress and, to put it plainly, a baggage. Of course he would have been delighted if he had known of his mistake, for *Juliana* was his better angel, and he had only intended to marry the other lady in a mood of mad desperation; but his wife somewhat perversely refused to enlighten him for a matter of 200 pages or so, a period during which he performed prodigies of valour for her sake, under the impression that she was a single woman. However, as he had been a very wild young man, it was no doubt excellent discipline. I can't help feeling that the authors display a rather unnecessary tolerance towards the eccentricities of their hero (he was called "Mad Wroth" by the county and held blasphemous

orgies in a ruined abbey), and I am glad to remember that his date (*floruit et furuit*) was 1800 or thereabouts, and that he only kept tame wolves and not a motor-car. Still, at a respectful distance the pageant of his deeds excites sympathy, and one is glad when he at last wins his long-married bride.

Lady Noggs is delightful. She is at her best whilst still a child, her habit of setting her elders right being fascinating. By a bold and happy device Mr. JEPSON makes her a Peeress in her own right, niece and ward of the PRIME MINISTER. The effect was probably unintentional, but here and there in the intercourse of the twain there are little touches that will recall C.-B. to the memory of his still sorrowing friends. The full name of the book, *Lady Noggs Intervenes* (HUTCHINSON), is fairly descriptive of its plot. Whenever in varied circumstances the elders in *Lady Noggs's* circle get into difficulty she takes direction of affairs with her small hands and smooths out all the creases. Objection might be taken that, like *Sherlock Holmes* and *Tommy Dodd*, she "is sure to win," a condition that threatens monotony. But then she is irresistible.

The times are in joint, and SHAKSPEARE no longer spells ruin either in the theatre or the publishers' office. SHAKSPEARE in fact (whether we give him a National Memorial or not) is a commercial success, as indeed an Illustrious Personage once remarked very shrewdly to the Bard's most assiduous modern henchman. These remarks are suggested by the publication of elaborately illustrated editions of *A Midsummer Night's*



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.—III.

GIOTTO AND HIS FAMOUS "FREEHAND CIRCLE."
Showing how he did it to the satisfaction of the Pope's envoy.

Dream (HEINEMANN), illustrated by Mr. ARTHUR RACKHAM; *Twelfth Night* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), illustrated by Mr. W. HEATH ROBINSON, and *The Tempest* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), illustrated by Mr. EDMUND DULAC. The pictures are in colours and are very numerous, and the circumstances of the volumes are sumptuous. Mr. RACKHAM is far and away the best. Indeed there are certain of Mr. RACKHAM's drawings which give one a sense of satisfaction that could not be increased; in other words they seem ideally right. But even where he is less sufficing he always has charm and delicacy and spirit and a distinction all his own. Mr. DULAC comes next in merit, but his colours are inclined to be dingy and his conception of *Miranda* is disappointing and by no means Shakespearean. Mr. HEATH ROBINSON's colours come under the same objection and his characteristics fail to interest. So much for SHAKSPEARE; but Messrs. HUTCHINSON, with one eye on His Majesty's Theatre, put forth an equally ambitious edition of *Faust* in HAYWARD'S translation of GOETHE with many coloured pictures by WILLY POGANY, an Hungarian artist. WILLY, however, is not an illustrator for my money. He has a certain grotesque quality, but Mr. RACKHAM spoils one for poor draughtsmanship.